

proves there's no difference between New York and Alabama... between the United States and South Africa. This nation is going straight to hell!"

Both Gov. Nelson Rockefeller and Mayor Robert Wagner pressed efforts to open jobs to Negroes. But, on the very day Rockefeller announced that a plumbers union local had agreed to put two Negroes on the Downstate project, seven sit-in demonstrators blocked the door and the stairway to his Manhattan office until police carried them away. And, at City Hall, six were arrested in two days for blocking Wagner's office.

"Is this the U.S.A.?" cried their cheerleader, a slender, bearded Negro of 25.

"Yes!" the demonstrators whooped.

"Is this the land of freedom?"

"No!"

The fever had spread far indeed from Birmingham, sending Negroes into the streets not only in New York but in Boston and Chicago and sister cities dotted across the North and West. The substance of revolt was there—deep Negro discontent and militant leaders to give it words and set it on a course of action. But the targets were harder to see than in the South, where Jim Crow can be dislodged from a lunch counter or a washroom in a month, a week, even a day. In the North, where clamish craft unions have long kept Negroes on the outside looking in, the task was far tougher: not simply opening jobs but training Negroes to fill them. The combination—Negro impatience, militant and sometimes fire-eating leadership, and the very subtlety of the problem—was a recipe for potential trouble.

It was Topic A for the Urban League convention. In this season of revolt, the league—a biracial agency specializing in negotiations and professional services—felt constrained to show its own credentials. It passed a resolution en-

dorsing legal protest action, and its white president, Henry Steeger, publisher of *Argosy* magazine, said: "I know some Negroes accuse us of moderation because we're not marching, picket lines. But at the conference table, where the big gains are made, we're as militant as any group."

Skills Banks. The league busied itself principally with the search for broader solutions. One recurring theme was a "Marshall plan" for Negroes—a wide range of government catch-up programs and services as "indemnification" for years of discrimination. And, with a \$100,000 grant from the Rockefeller Brothers Fund, the league planned a national skills bank, a central registry where available Negroes can be referred to available jobs.

An elementary step? In New York, demonstration leaders had only now got around to compiling such a list, though building-trades union leaders had promised two weeks ago to set up a biracial committee to screen Negro applicants. Undoubtedly, qualified Negroes could be found for some of the construction jobs—but if the demonstrators won their demands overnight, they would be hard pressed to produce the workmen. Yet the fires of revolt were lit, and they could not be so easily banked. "We are not going to apologize for breaking the law any longer," the Rev. W.J. Hall told 900 followers at a Brooklyn church rally. "We will sit down, lay down, and stay down until the walls fall."

Mixed Grill

The bill of fare called for integration, but the restaurateurs of Atlanta served up a brimful bowl of confusion.

It started last month with the best of intentions when the owners of the major downtown restaurants (50 strong, by one educated guess) agreed to desegregate. But, nervous about the consequences, they decided not to identify themselves publicly. As a result, no one knew which restaurants would serve whom, when, or on what terms.

Anyone could guess the ultra-segregationist holdouts—Lester Maddox's Pickrick restaurant and Charlie Job's two places. Four Negroes, dressed up as Africans in fanciful flowered costumes, tried both places. Even that didn't get them in.

But what about the other restaurants? Despite the neon Confederate flag out front, Johnny Reb's admitted a party of two Negroes and a white—to separate tables. Davis Brothers integrated two of three downtown branches, kept the third segregated, and kept mum as to which was which. At some places, integration meant serving one, two, three, or four Negroes a day at specified times.



"Two hamburgers and black coffee... to go!"

spot, ushering a Negro out. "We've already had our quota today."

When segregationist Maddox compiled an unofficial integration list off the top of his balding head, whites turned up to picket. The Davises responded with posters caricaturing the Maddox's Pickrick ("Ol' Picnic says what a wonderful world—if only they'd let me run it") and with a pretty blond waitress counterpicketing with a placard that said: "Davis Cafeteria serves the best fried chicken in town." Some desegregated places re-segregated, and some segregated places were aggravated. Already under pressure from integrationists, one manager spied white pickets outside his restaurant and spluttered incredulously: "But... but... I... we... this place ain't integrated!" "Sometimes you could go in, sometimes not," a Negro summed up in the third week of mixed cuisine in Atlanta. "In, out, in, out—it was like being caught in a revolving door."

DEFENSE

Came to the End

Should the U.S. buy more Minuteman intercontinental ballistic missiles? Or more Polaris missiles? Should the country produce and deploy the Nike Sprint anti-missile system? Should big bombers like the B-70—or space bombers—be put in production?

On the answers to infinitely speculative and complex questions like these hang the national defense capacity, big military careers, and billions in defense contracts. And to get the answers—which almost always are debatable—scientists and military men play a ceaseless game of war in the depths of the Pentagon.



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